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Recent German Operas.—Reinecke's "King Manfred."¹

(Translated from the German for this Journal).

(Concluded from page 106).

The second act goes on to show us how Manfred's thoughts still turn on getting possession of Chismonde. He is in his palace and sends out a page to discover the abode of the beloved. In vain does Eckart remind him of the dangers which threaten his crown on the part of the Roman and French alliance; in vain his wife Helena exhorts him to reform; he hushes the anxiety of her and Eckart about throne and empire and, weary of the wife, puts her away. Meanwhile the Cardinal with the banished noblemen have learned of Manfred's purpose of abducting Chismonde, and the latter lie in wait for the king, who comes with Eckart and a few attendants into the cloister garden; but Eckart kills one of the ringleaders and puts the rest to flight. Manfred frees Chismonde and brings her to his Love Court.

In the third act the returning party are awaited in Manfred's palace, where already many devoted country people, besides a gang of ill-disposed sailors, have gathered to see the festivities in preparation. Helena, to avoid this painful meeting, betakes herself before Manfred's return to the castle at Benevento. The Love Court marches in, the king in the midst thereof disguised as Bacchus, and in his train a troop of Saracenic maidens, which is to be explained by the circumstance that the Saracens, still to be found about that time in lower Italy, were in alliance with Manfred. Now come jubilation, dance and feasting! Then the Cardinal appears and pronounces the sentence of excommunication against the King. Part of the company desert Manfred, the rest stay by him.

The fourth act brings us nearer to the catastrophe. Chismonde is no longer willing to be merely the King's leman, she will be Queen herself. But Manfred, to whom the serious side of life has powerfully presented itself, rejects her claims; he has gone back to the true love, the love of his wedded wife. But while he is marching forth to fight his enemies, Chismonde broods over a scheme to poison the Queen. Without the battle thunders, again for once, through the aid of the Saracens, decided in Manfred's favor. Could he only control himself to stay with the army, as Eckart advises him, the victory might be followed up; but a dark misgiving drives the King back to Benevento. There (in the fifth act) sits the Queen, her heart full of anxiety and yearning, in the lonely hall. Chismonde glides in to her in the disguise of a pilgrim and is about to offer her the poison, under the pretext of preparing a love potion for her. Manfred steps between them and prevents the crime. The King is reconciled with his wife. But in the meantime his enemies, through treachery, have got possession of the most important places, and are drawing nigh the royal palace. Deserted by the Italians,

Manfred can rely only on the Saracens. He fights and falls. Chismonde, in a swoon, is borne back by the victors to the cloister. The Queen drinks off the cup of poison over the corpse of her slain husband. Charles of Anjou is proclaimed King.

It will be seen that the libretto avoids all mention of Manfred's children. The figure of Chismonde is finely invented to show the weakness of the King, who represents the tragical guilt thereof. The King's wife, apostrophizing the dear dead at the bier with words of lofty eulogy, puts herself to death, whereas history tells us that she languished through long years of imprisonment. It cannot be denied that the book on the whole is happily invented and scenically effective. Everything essential shows a sufficient motive. Episodes are as far as possible avoided. Nowhere is there any weight attached to mere externals; where these come in sight, it is constantly as foil, and not as substitute for action. The language, although not wholly free from reminiscences, is easily apprehended, euphonious, musical, and, without suffering from extravagances and redundancy, is yet for the most part in a lofty vein.

In regard to the musical treatment, the composer has, in the first place, disregarded all the received models. He has composed his text all through, making almost no use of *recitativo secco*, but writing for the most part *singing recitative*. But he has brought the special lyrical elements of the poem into a free musical form corresponding to their several requirements. In this he has of course had to employ repetition of the text, but on the whole he has done it discreetly and perhaps too sparingly; preludes and postludes he has introduced only at the beginning or the close of single scenes, and these are mostly independent in their contents.

From all this it will be seen, that the composer was perfectly clear in his own mind in entering the road he took, and that he has followed it consistently and—we do not hesitate to add—successfully. The earnest way in which the tone-poet has treated his task, both in respect of melody and harmony, is coupled with too much grace and fineness, that one's enjoyment is never for an instant disturbed. The rhythm, without being striking, is appropriate. The vocal writing shows the all-practiced master, and not less the instrumentation. Perhaps it has occurred only to us—who, in the interest of the composer, as well as for our own instruction, are looking out for any weaknesses—that he may have too anxiously avoided all that could have looked like an *intentional* culmination of effects.

As we go over Reinecke's opera in our memory, it is with joyful satisfaction we confess, that we have met with no dramatic work for a long time which had such a succession of beautiful and interesting parts to offer, as "King Manfred." The two larger instrumental pieces which occur in the opera are each admirably effective in its way; and the public gave expression to its pleasure by receiving the solid and yet very brilliant

Overture, made up of motives from the opera, with long continued applause, and by requiring the prelude to the fifth act to be played *da capo*. Conspicuous in value and effect are: in the first act, Chismonde's Aria; the *entrée* of Manfred and the Duet follows between Manfred and Chismonde. In the second act, the Duet between Manfred and Helena, particularly at the close, where Helena remains alone; the chorus of exiles: "*Nun ist er in der Falle*;" the Romanza of Manfred: "*Was weilst du in der Lenzesnacht*;" the Duet between Manfred and Chismonde. In the third act, the Ballet and the concluding chorus. In the fourth act, the aria of Chismonde, and that of Manfred: "*O Siegesruf*," with its tranquil, melting close; the Duet between Eckhart and Manfred. In the fifth act, the Ballad of the Page; the Cavatina of Helena; the closing scene, with Helena's touching departure.

"What?" I hear it said. "An opera in the Italian repertoire has scarcely ever more than six or seven numbers that are musically tolerable or effective for the great public; and here in this German opera you talk of eighteen or twenty!" Yea verily! and for this reason we desire and hope that "King Manfred" may keep its place in the repertoire as long as the incomparably weaker work of some favorite Italian or Frenchman, though Reinecke be "only" a German!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Fugue as an Art Work.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

I.

1. The specific problem of this paper is to answer this question, so far as we may, namely:—What is the true rank of the Fugue as a musical work of art? Let it be understood that, throughout this paper, we understand by the term *fugue*, the Fugue in its highest development, which it received only at the hand of Bach; for the fugues of this Master are, we think, more individual and more free than others, and approach more nearly to the ideal of the fugue.

In this discussion we must build up our reasoning on axioms, intuitions, and postulates, about which opinions do not differ; for we have no authoritative treatise on musical taste.

2. The first question which meets us is: What kind of impressions or ideas may we get from music? To this question generally stated, John Ruskin has answered:—

"All sources of pleasure, or any other good, to be derived from works of art, may be referred to five distinct heads.

"I. Ideas of Power.—The perception or conception of the mental or bodily powers by which the work has been produced.

"II. Ideas of Imitation.—The perception that the thing produced resembles something else.

"III. Ideas of Truth.—A perception of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced.

"IV. Ideas of Beauty.—The perception of

¹ Opera in 5 Acts by Fr. Rösler, music by Carl Reinecke. Produced for the first time at the Royal Theatre in Wiesbaden.

beauty, either in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles.

"V. Ideas of Relation.—The perception of intellectual relations in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles."

In musical application the significance of these terms is thus taken:—When we perceive a musical work to have employed great technical or artistic powers in its production, we receive "ideas of power." Likewise from a virtuoso performance we receive "ideas of power"—namely, of great mental and bodily powers employed in the performance or in its preparation. This kind of impression is in itself noble. We are so constituted as to take pleasure in any exhibition of power, either bodily or mental; and the more worthily the power is exerted, the more worthy is our delight.

Secondly. When we perceive a musical passage to imitate something.—as, e.g., a bird-song, or one voice to imitate another—we receive "ideas of imitation." Haydn's "Creation" abounds in passages designed to imitate or suggest sounds in nature. The ideas of this class are regarded as less noble than any others in music, for reasons that we have not now space to consider.

Thirdly. A musical work depicts or suggests certain emotional states. In proportion as any particular emotional state is distinctly suggested, or impressed upon us, do we receive "ideas of truth."

Fourth. In what ideas of Beauty consist we have not now room to show in full. Reference is made to the paper on "Good Music" in No. 640 of this Journal; or, still better, to the second volume of Ruskin's "MODERN PAINTERS," which volume alone to any student in *Æsthetics* is worth more than the price of the entire set. It must suffice here to say that in the contemplation of good music we experience very great pleasure, "not dependent on any direct and definite exertion of the intellect." This pleasure results from a perception of the beautiful, which may be merely of the blending or contrasting of tones of different timbre, and in the happy turns of melody and harmony; or may consist in an unconscious perception of spiritual types suggested by the music. Among the traits of typical beauty are these:—Infinity, Unity, Repose, Symmetry, Purity, and Moderation. These elements are typical of traits in the Divine. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that beauty of the kind first mentioned (blending of tones, etc.) is of physical relation only. The latter is a higher kind—a beauty perceived by the moral nature.

Fifth. Entirely distinct from the pleasures already enumerated, is the perception of the relations of design, significance, and fitness, between the different parts of the work. All the satisfaction we experience in tracing the manner of modulations, the happy imitations (considered as a device of counterpoint), the various resources of counterpoint, and the relation of successive melodic periods to each other,—the satisfaction derived from all these and many like sources, arises from "ideas of relation."

3. Again, with reference to the mind, or "subjectively," as some would say, all the impressions just enumerated may be classed into three divisions:—

I. Sensuous Perceptions.—The music sounds well, or it does not. To this class belong all questions of consonance or dissonance, tone-color, rhythm—all questions of hearing.

II. Intellectual Perceptions.—These are "ideas of relation," and "ideas of power," perhaps also "ideas of imitation," as enumerated and defined in the preceding chapter.

III. Emotional Impressions.—We perceive the work to depict certain emotional states and our own feelings are elevated or depressed to a consonance therewith. To this class belong the "ideas of truth" and "of beauty," according to the former enumeration.

4. It is now proper that we inquire which of these kinds of ideas is most noble, if, indeed, there be degrees of rank among them.

Now with reference to the classes of ideas enumerated in the second chapter it is to be said, that the three last named are regarded as most noble, and of these all are in some degree essential to any true work of art. *Truth* is of course essential to any real nobility, but is hardly a fit subject of comparison with other elements. Of the other two, I cannot resist the conviction that ideas of beauty are more ethereal, more angelic, more divine, than the simple perception of the intellectual relation of parts, however complicated or masterly these relations may be. And as this opinion will hardly be controverted by any person of artistic soul, we may consider it as accepted.

With reference to the enumeration in the third chapter it remains to say, that the two latter sources of pleasure (the Intellectual and the Emotional) must be regarded as superior, or of a higher order than the first. For by the common consent of enlightened mankind, those enjoyments which appertain exclusively to the *physique* are considered to be of a lower order than those which belong to the intellectual or emotional nature. The body perishes with the using. The soul is immortal.

5. We are now prepared to approach more closely to our main question, which we do by asking: How, in general, shall we determine the rank of a work of art? Ruskin has given a general formula of answer to this, in "MODERN PAINTERS," Vol. I. p. 12, (First American Ed.) "The art is greatest, which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and, in occupying, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received." If this be so, and if the conclusions arrived at in the preceding chapter be just, it follows that those compositions are greatest which most abound in ideas of Beauty, of Relation, and of Truth.

Thus far we seem to have come safely on our journey, but only now have we reached our main question.

II.

We have endeavored to show on what principles the rank of art-works is to be determined. The general result at which we have arrived, is that musical works are greater in proportion to the ideas of beauty and truth they communicate, rather than in proportion to any impression of masterly skill in counterpoint they may give us. In the discussion of the main question, therefore, (namely, as to the rank of the fugue) it becomes necessary in the first place to inquire: What are the traits of the fugue? And then from a comparison of these traits with the general principles

already deduced we shall be able to solve our problem, to our own satisfaction at least.

The grand question is: What is the true position of the fugue in the world of musical art? Now this question is not one already determined (as some might hastily assume), as is evident from the fact that different composers—acknowledged Masters, too—have placed very different estimates upon the Fugue. Some have ignored it entirely. Others have cultivated it—Mendelssohn, for instance—only as a severe exercise in composition. Others, again, have employed it more largely than any other style of composition, as, for instance, Bach.

2. And here I pause to remark that in my use of the term the Fugue is not a distinct musical form. For I use the word "form" to signify "any plan in accordance with which several successive periods of melody are associated so as to form one whole." The *form* is the plan of period-relation of the work. The Song-form, Rondo, Sonata and Fantasia are distinguishable musical forms. Fugue is a system of counterpoint; and a Fugue is a composition in which the counterpoint is managed in accordance with the laws of that system. It is not the plan in accordance with which the melodic periods follow one another, that distinguishes the Fugue from other compositions, but the *manner of the counterpoint*, and this alone. Any work in which the voices bear strict fugal relations to each other, is a Fugue. Yet it is possible that a work be a Fugue, and still be, as to its period-relations, a veritable Sonata. Bach's organ fugue in E flat (the so-called *St. Ann's*, I believe) is almost a Sonata.

3. And this leads us to a closer survey of the noteworthy traits of the fugue. The one great feature of the fugue is the counterpoint. It is this, as we have seen, that names the work. It is indeed the culmination of counterpoint. Cherubini says:—

"Such as it exists at the present time, Fugue is the perfection of counterpoint. It should comprise not only all the resources supplied by the different kinds of counterpoint, but many other devices peculiar to itself."

"All that a good composer ought to know, may be introduced into fugue; it is the type of all pieces of music; that is to say, whatever the piece composed, so that it be well conceived, regular, and conducted with good intention—it should without bearing precisely the character and form of a fugue, at least possess its spirit."

The fugues of Bach do have well-marked individualities of emotional tone. But they do none of them suggest distinct emotional states, or impress us, and elevate or depress the emotional condition of the listener to consonance with themselves, so decidedly as do many other works—certain of Beethoven's Sonatas, for instance.

Fugues are grand. Even the easy ones awaken impressions of power. They are restless, and when they cease it is not from an apparent fitness of necessary conclusion reached, but rather of arbitrary pause. For a fugue when "played, is not played out." You are conscious of no reason why it might not go on indefinitely—or, at least, as long as the counterpoint "holds out." It has a determined purpose, which is, to worthily magnify a given subject. In its extent, and in the determination of its period relations and paragraphs, it is strictly a *fantasy*.

4. Again. That last expression of Cherubini ("possess its spirit") calls us back to the delightful Editorial fantasy "About Fugues" in No. 686.

Certain compositions do possess much of the fugue spirit, yet are not strictly fugues. For example, the *Finale* of Beethoven's A flat Sonata, Op. 26, has much of this spirit. Now what impression does this *Finale* make upon us, as compared with other movements of the same work? The first movement, the *Andante* with variations, is full of soul. The *Scherzo* is purposely of small spiritual weight, in order to relieve the mind from what precedes, and preparatory to what follows. The third movement is the solemn Funeral March—a composition which with perhaps two or three others stands first of its kind. Now steps in the lively *Finale*, quick, impetuous, even mirthful. Two of the previous movements are full of spiritual meaning. While counterpoint has had a fair share of attention, it has been employed only in strict subordination to the "inner light." Impressions of Beauty and Truth have been foremost in the composer's intention. But now it is time to relieve the attention so severely tasked in this direction, and the resources of counterpoint are employed with a liberal hand to awaken impressions of delight more of the Intellect than of the Emotions. The melodic contents are significant, it is true, but they become infinitely more so in the manner of elaboration. This movement is needed to restore the spiritual equilibrium. From the whole Sonata, the soul awakens as from an elysian dream.

5. To conclude. From good Fugues we receive great pleasure. But it is clear to me that between the Fugue and Sonata there is a fundamental and radical difference, other than of form or counterpoint. A Sonata is a grand soul-picture. A Fugue is a grand piece of work. It may be a soul picture, too. But it is of a soul that is restless, striving after infinite development—a worthy strife, yet *strife*, after all; a *Becoming*, a never *Is*. To hear a good Sonata, rests one; a fugue invigorates, clears the head, but does not seem to me to afford *rest*. The grand task of the sonata is, to convey "ideas of beauty;" of the fugue, "ideas of power and relation." It follows, therefore as the former paper said, that the fugue is truly "less noble than other forms of musical art, in so far as it expresses less" of soul "than they."

That the Fugue *does* express less of emotion, but more of intellectual contrivance than some other varieties of music, is a matter of consciousness among the majority of thoughtful musicians. In any nation the number of those who do not coincide with this decision, may almost be counted on one's fingers. Now we can receive great pleasure in contemplating a neat problem in mathematics; but when one would seek to convince us of the wonderful amount of emotional expression and spirituality that is latent therein, we are reminded of the just remark of the poet, that

"Optics sharp 'twould take, I ween,
To see a thing that can't be seen."

That such optics are possessed by any, is to the "eleven obstinate men on the jury," a matter of profound admiration!

London "Music Halls."

(From "The Tomahawk.")

No institution has ever proved more thoroughly false to its early promise than has the "Music Hall."

We were told when the idea came first into notice, that its encouragement would assuredly exercise a beneficial influence over the progress of music amongst the lower classes; that many people, who now spend the hours of the night in dissolute indulgence at the public-house, would, in time, be weaned from their evil doings, and that the souls of our less wealthy fellow creatures would, in general terms, be ennobled through the gentle agency of art! In fact we were told all sorts of things, which, perhaps, we did not believe, and which have at all events, been proved by time to be not less fallacious than the great majority of predictions.

When the Canterbury Music Hall came prominently before the public, and set an example which has now been followed all over London—you may say all over England—the principal attraction which was put forward to catch the multitude was a musical selection from some well-known operatic work. The performance, we are free to confess, was somewhat coarse, but it was not wanting in a certain brilliancy and dash, and as there were one or two singers of passable merit engaged for these selections, we have no doubt but that with care and judgment the character of the entertainment might have been raised, and the taste of the public, as a natural consequence, improved.

Destiny has, however, willed it otherwise, and the Music Hall, as it at present stands, is mischievous to the art which it pretends to uphold. Operatic selections, it is true, are still to be heard, but they are, as a rule, so badly sung and vulgarly accompanied, that it were better for the cause of art that they should be omitted, and, in many cases, they appear to have died away—unheeded and unregretted—from the programme.

Nothing is listened to now-a-days but the so-called "comic songs," and, in sober earnestness, we must express our astonishment that human beings, endowed with the ordinary gift of reason, should be found to go night after night in order to witness such humiliating exhibitions. It is quite impossible to name anything equal to the stupidity of these comic songs, unless, indeed, it be their vulgarity. A man appears on the platform, dressed in outlandish clothes, and ornamented with whiskers of ferocious length and hideous hue, and proceeds to sing verse after verse of pointless twaddle, interspersed with a blatant "chorus," in which the audience is requested to join. The audience obligingly consents, and each member of it contributes, to the general harmony, a verse of the tune which he happens to know best. It not unfrequently occurs that one of these humorous efforts is received with perfect silence, and under such circumstances, it might not unreasonably be supposed that the artist would refrain, from motives of delicacy, from making his re-appearance before an audience to whom his talents do not appear to have afforded unqualified satisfaction. We are all, however, liable to be deceived, and no matter how slender the amount of the success achieved, the gentleman who occupies the chair will announce, in stentorian accents, that "Mr. So-and-So will oblige again"—which he accordingly proceeds to do, in whiskers more alarming, and vestments, if possible, more hideous than on the previous occasion. This species of musical treadmill is continued until the exhausted singer has sung four songs, when (if he sternly refuse to sing any more) he is set free, and allowed to exercise, over other Music Halls, the improving influence of his talent.

It might be fancied, that in hearing a song from one of these hapless sons of mirth we must have reached the lowest pitch of jocular destitution; but this is not so, for, however deep the pain we endure from the male comedian, the suffering which we experience at the hands of the "serio-comic lady" is even harder to bear. Her very title is assuredly a misnomer, for there is nought of seriousness in her performance, whilst as for comedy—Heaven save the mark!—she knows not the meaning of the word! She appears on the platform and, with saucy bearing and shrill voice, howls forth some ditty about "cards in the Guards," or some "swell in Pall Mall," or, perhaps, she will tell you a domestic romance in which omnibus conductors, or policemen, or costermongers, form the important features. Wanting, alike, in point, grace, or humor, these songs can have no purpose save to indulge the degraded taste of the majority of those who nightly fill the Music Halls; amongst such of the audience as have been attracted in the idea that they would hear a rational performance, there can be but one feeling—pity.

We would gladly refrain from attacking women, but in this case, we cannot be silent, for we are satisfied that these songs are not only very stupid but extremely mischievous in their results, and those who sing them must not claim at our hands any consideration on account of that sex, which they have outraged by such unseemly and unwomanly performan-

ces. Graces in a woman, like hope in the human breast, should linger when all else is gone, and it is because these "serio-comic ladies" have no vestige of feminine refinement that we condemn them hopelessly and unreservedly.

Whilst on this subject, we are reminded, perhaps by contrast, of Mlle. Theresa, the *diva* of the Alcazar, in Paris, and, so far as regards pointlessness and stupidity, we are bound in truth to say that our remarks have no reference to her; she possesses that which, in a different walk of life, might have enabled her to obtain a high position as an artist. As it is she is only a Music Hall singer—but such a one! No actor can see her, no musician can hear her, without marvelling at the rare amount of talent evinced by her. That her sphere of art is a low one—perhaps the lowest—no one will deny; but her pre-eminence in that sphere is also undeniable, and, at the risk of shocking some of our readers, we venture to think that many queens of song now before the public, whose names are cherished by lovers of the opera, will find themselves matched and outdone before Mlle. Theresa meets her equal.

But let us leave the heroine of the Alcazar. In England there are numerous representatives of her faults, but we shall seek in vain for anyone who can afford the least idea of her merits. We had a two-fold object in alluding to the Parisian *Café Chantant*, and, although the French Music Hall is liable to reproach in certain matters, we think that some things might with advantage be transplanted in England. *Imprimis*, you will find in most cases, a trim little orchestra of efficient performers, who rattle merrily through one or two overtures, a waltz, or a march, and so forth, and who, if need be, are fit to play a better class of music in fair style. There are generally singers of some pretension who are equal to the proper performance of romances and operatic airs, and, in short, the class of entertainment is such as reasonable folk may take pleasure in hearing. We wish that as much could be said for our Music Halls! Until, however, the entire organization of these places of amusement is remodelled, and until decent music and fair cultivation take the ground which is now occupied by buffoonery and vulgarity, no good result may be hoped for.

We have spoken our mind pretty plainly in this matter, and there are two and possibly more of these Music Halls which may not justly come under the strictures which we have passed upon the institutions in general. Of the exceptions which strike us, the Alhambra, with its well-mounted ballets and capital scenery, may be cited as one, whilst the music rooms known as Evans's in Covent Garden, constitutes the other. In the latter case, the audience consists of men alone, and the entertainment is made up of songs, glees and part-songs, executed by a well-trained choir, in which will be found boys with fresh and lusty voices, which it does one's heart good to hear. There was, it is true, a funeral comedian there, whose name, we fancy, was Mr. Harry Sidney, but if we are right, he has taken his talents elsewhere, and at Evans's the visitor will now chance to hear good music well executed. The establishment is admirably conducted, and as for the beaming proprietor, may his shadow never be less, and may his hospitable snuff-box never be empty!

It will be seen that we have not touched upon the more serious question of the evil influence exercised by the majority of Music Halls as they are now conducted, and we have purposely refrained from doing so. If the morality of a Briton is to be attacked, the best course is to make, in the first place, an appeal to his common sense. We have endeavored to point out the utter stupidity and worthlessness of the entertainments which are to be heard at these places all over London, and it remains for the public to contribute its quota towards a general reformation, so that, in time, the Music Hall may really furnish a home for music, instead of being, as at present, an insult to the art from which it has filched the name.

The Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

The meeting of the General German Musical Society held at Meiningen during last week proved one of unusual interest, as tending in some measure to show what is being effected in Germany by musicians of the present day. This society, which is under the immediate patronage of the Grand-Duke of Saxony, and owes its existence mainly to the efforts of the Abbé Liszt, was founded at Weimar in 1861 for the cultivation of musical art by the establishment of musical festivals, the revival of the less familiar works of undisputed merit by great masters, and the production of new works by living composers. Unlike our English festivals, which are avowedly projected in aid of some charity, or our concert-giving

societies which can only be counted as trade concerns, and at which, consequently, as a rule, only such familiar works as are sure to attract the greatest numbers are repeated from year to year, this society, relying mainly upon artists for support, is independent of the general public, and therefore in a position to produce such works as, it is thought, may prove most interesting to musicians, without considering for a moment the wishes of the uninitiated. Under these circumstances the majority of the works produced at four concerts have been unfamiliar to the generality of the audience, if not actually new. Of the four concerts, two were devoted to orchestral works and vocal solos, one to Church music, and one to vocal and instrumental chamber-music. The orchestra, which consisted of the combined bands of the Courts of Weimar and Meiningen with some additions, under the able leadership of Herr Dr. Damrosch, of Breslau, was adequate for all requirements. Liszt, the accomplished man, the *beau idéal* of an artist, whose fascinating manners influence every one with whom he comes in contact, was continually present both at rehearsals and performances, and by his kindly counsel and advice materially aided both conductor and performers in the accomplishment of their by no means easy task. Having diligently attended the rehearsals, which commenced two days before the first concert, and were continued daily during the festival week, as well as having been present at all the performances, I may be allowed to venture an opinion on what I have heard, though so much of it has been new and strange. Undoubtedly the most important of the orchestral works were Hans von Bülow's overture, or, as he himself designates it, "symphonisches Stimmungsbild," *Nirwana*; Dr. Damrosch's violin concerto; Liszt's symphonische Dichtung, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne;" and the "scène d'amour et fête chez Capulet" from Berlioz's "symphonie dramatique," *Romeo et Juliet*. As a work of art, *Nirwana* is a miracle of complicity, abounding in instrumental effects both new and striking. It is constructed on some half-dozen short rhythmical or melodious themes, one or more of which, either alone or in combination, are treated contrapuntally in nearly every bar, with extreme cleverness. Interesting as a musical study as the score of it is, the attempt to portray in musical tones a metaphysical idea of the utmost abstruseness, in the absence of spontaneity of idea and of continuous melody, results in an impression both dreary and unsatisfactory. Dr. Damrosch's concerto in F-sharp minor, admirably played by himself, proved to be a composition of remarkable freshness and effect, and free from all taint of eccentricity. The slow movement especially was full of poetic feeling, and, technically considered, exquisitely finished; the third, as rarely happens, forming an effective climax to the whole. Liszt's symphonische Dichtung, known in Germany as the "Berg" symphony, is an illustration of Victor Hugo's poem, "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne." The poet hears two voices: the one immeasurable and gloriously harmonious, choiring jubilant hymns of praise to the Lord; the other dull and plaintive, and swelling into blasphemous cries and curses. The one says "Nature," the other "Humanity." These two voices are heard striving and contending for superiority, till at last they combine in a glorious hymn of praise. The theme is a magnificent one, and, as Liszt has conceived it, requires all the resources of the modern orchestra, including harps, bass clarinet, tam-tam and double-drum, which are employed in a manner at once original and strikingly sonorous, without the least approach to vulgarity. Though one misses the melodious continuity of the older masters, there is melody enough of a fragmentary character in it to ensure a thoroughly satisfactory general effect, provided one is prepared to be content with the absence of the compact traditional symphonic form. The applause which followed the most spirited and thoroughly finished performance of it imaginable was immense. Not less, and deservedly so, was that accorded to the scenes from Berlioz's *Romeo* symphony, a work more in accordance with the ordinary symphonic form, true to life and abounding in melody of the most telling and enchanting character, and one which may safely be commended to Mr. Manns for performance at the Crystal Palace in preference to any work heard at this festival. Of the other new orchestral works, including overtures by E. Büchner and E. von Mihailevich, symphonies by R. Hol and E. Lassen, and a pianoforte concerto by F. Kiel, it is only necessary to say that for the most part they were evidently the works of practised musicians, who show no leaning towards a new school, and are to be commended rather for their constructive ability and knowledge of instrumentation than for the originality of their ideas. The only other orchestral work which calls for mention was Beethoven's triple concerto, which, admirably played by MM. Lassen, Kömpel and

Grützmacher, never pleased me better. At a concert of sacred music held in the church, several interesting specimens of old works by Palestrina, E. Fabio, David Perez, J. Seb. Bach, as well as Liszt's setting of the 23rd Psalm and of the "Beatitudes," the two latter unpretending trifles, were beautifully executed by the Zälzungen choir. The chamber-music concert principally consisted of vocal duets by Schumann (Spanisches Liederspiel) and M. Cornelius, all charming and exquisitely sung, as well as of songs by MM. Damrosch and Lassen, alike beautiful. The instrumental selection of new works included Liszt's "Zwei Legenden," for the pianoforte, entitled "St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds," and "St. Francis of Paula walking on the waves;" some variations for two pianofortes by A. Deprose; and a pianoforte trio by Ferd. Praeger of London, whose only peculiarity was the lucky fact of its being in one movement. As remarkable artistic displays, Herr Remenyi's performance of Hungarian airs on the violin, Herr Grützmacher's rendering of a suite and a sonata by J. S. Bach (both for the first time) on the violoncello, as well as Herr Wehle's playing of Leclair's sonata, "Le tombeau," for violin and pianoforte, will not easily be forgotten. On each occasion the theatre, in which three or four performances were given, was filled to its utmost limits, and the festival generally seems to have given universal satisfaction.

From Meiningen, after a two days' *détour* on foot through the most beautiful parts of the Thüringer-Wald, a region which, though seemingly unknown to English tourists, is well worth visiting, I came on to Eisenach in time to be present at a jubilee at the Wartburg, in celebration of its eighth centenary. For such a festivity no spot more rich in German historical associations could be named. Here, in the Castle of Wartburg, the ancient residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, lived the pious St. Elizabeth of Hungary, with whose life and labors Professor Kingeley has familiarized English readers by his dramatic poem, "The Saint's Tragedy;" here the Minnesängers held their musical contests; and here Luther found an asylum from May, 1521, to March, 1522. The commemorative ceremonial of yesterday (the 28th) commenced with the celebration of divine service in the little chapel of the Wartburg, after which Luther's Hymn was sung in the courtyard by the assembled crowd. A banquet followed, and in the evening a performance of Liszt's oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, by command of the Grand-Duke of Weimar, who seems to take a special interest in music and musicians, and who, on this occasion, has behaved with the utmost liberality, putting his palace in Eisenach at Liszt's disposal, and issuing invitations for the performance of his oratorio to as many as could possibly be accommodated. The space being limited in the Ritter-saal, where the performance, conducted by the Abbé himself, took place, there has been a repetition of the oratorio to-day in the church here, which, as it possesses no less than four galleries, one above another, was literally crowded to the ceiling, and for which second performance, though I was the fortunate recipient of an invitation from the Grand-Duke for the first, I have remained. A second hearing of *St. Elizabeth*, in every respect a noble work, has impressed me much in its favor. The subject, though in some points a painful one, is admirably adapted for musical treatment. The work is divided into six numbers or scenes. In the first, Elizabeth is welcomed at the Wartburg as the bride of Ludwig, son of the Landgrave, by a wedding chorus of remarkable spirit and beauty. In the second, snatches of a hunting-song introduce Ludwig, Elizabeth's stingy and suspicious husband, who on meeting her alone and far away from home, inquires what she is doing. Afraid to confess that she is on an errand of mercy, carrying bread and wine to the poor, she is at first at a loss for an answer, but on Ludwig's pressing to know the contents of her apron, replies "Roses." Ludwig, thinking to detect her in a falsehood, tears open her apron, when lo! roses fall out! the bread and wine having been miraculously changed into roses to cover her pious fraud. The two thereupon return thanks to God for His mercies. Of this exquisitely conceived scene, of course, the most is made. From end to end it is thoroughly beautiful. The character of the music now changes in scene 3, in which occurs a most spirited march and chorus of Crusaders, with whom Ludwig departs to the Holy Land. Subsequently news of his death is brought, whereupon his mother expels her daughter-in-law Elizabeth from the castle in the midst of a terrific storm, which the music wondrously depicts. Elizabeth, after spending the remainder of her days in tending and relieving the poor, at length dies. Thus an opportunity is provided for the introduction of a prayer, a chorus of beggars, and, on her death, of a chorus of angels. The work concludes with the saint's last obsequies: in the celebration of which

the ecclesiastical music introduced has the most telling effect, and brings the whole to a satisfactory termination. Contrary to expectation, though an ecclesiastical as well as a Hungarian coloring is faithfully maintained throughout the work, there is no lack of beautiful and simple melody. When treating sacred subjects, Liszt has fully proved in this and other late works not only his willingness to abjure his former eccentricity, but also his ability to appear in a simple and natural light. The possession of such qualities as melody, simplicity, and general effectiveness will go far to recommend his *St. Elizabeth*, a work which, I am inclined to think, will some day be accepted as the best and most original of its kind that up to this date has appeared since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

Eisenach, Aug. 29.

C. A. B.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 23. Early in October there is to be opened in Philadelphia a school of music upon the plan of the European Conservatoriums. "The American Conservatory of Music" the institution is called, and from the liberal scale upon which all the arrangements for a thorough course of study seem to be made, we may safely anticipate the achievement of much good.

A very strict course of study is to be pursued, no student being allowed to pass from the lower to the higher grades of classes without first undergoing a thorough examination. Much benefit can be derived by the study of the various branches in classes, and the school will also afford the best opportunities for private instruction.

The departments of Violin, Instrumentation and direction of Orchestra, and the German school of singing are under the charge of Mr. Carl Gaertner, our well-known violinist and composer. The Professor for Vocal music, of the Italian, is Signor Antonio Barilli, late of Rome, who comes to us from New York with a high reputation.

Mr. James Pearce, graduate of Oxford College, England, and now organist of St. Mark's church of this city, will teach Organ, Theory of Music, Harmony, &c. Piano lessons will be given by our first professors in classes and privately, and advanced pupils are also to have the opportunity of studying classical music with violin and orchestral accompaniment under the direction of Mr. Gaertner.

Connected with the school is to be a library of musical works free to the use of pupils and to those elected by the President and Trustees. There will be lectures delivered upon interesting musical subjects, and modern Languages and Elocution will likewise be taught.

Our musical public as well as the students of the Conservatory will enjoy the fine classical concerts to be held at the Hall of the institution. The "Philadelphia Classical Quintette Club" purpose giving twenty matinees directed by Mr. Carl Gaertner, commencing Saturday, November 2, and there will be also four grand soirées. Both matinees and grand concerts are given for the purpose of instructing and cultivating the taste of the student of the Conservatory, each pupil being entitled to free admission.

Altogether we look upon this institution as one calculated to effect much in a good cause. The earnest student has greatly needed such opportunities for study, and time will prove what the undertaking can achieve. Your readers shall be duly informed of all matters of interest concerning the Conservatory, its concerts, lectures, &c., that come under the notice of the faithful recorder.

UMPIRE.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., OCT. 4.—The "Heavenly maid," whose slumbers in the city of Elms during the summer have been deep and dreamless, has once more opened her eyes.—This time on the occasion of a concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, whose name and fame may not be entirely unknown to the Bostonians.

Here are the selections which they offered us on the evening of the 3d inst.:

Overture, Bohemian Girl.....	Balfe.
Ballad, The day is done.....	Balfe.
Concerto, for Flute.....	Briccialdi.
Larghetto and Tema con Variazioni.....	Mozart.
Fantaisie for Violin, "Bird on the Tree,".....	Hauer.
German Song, "The Tear".....	Stigall.
Andante with variations. From Quartet in A, op. 18.....	Beethoven.
Fantaisie for Violoncello. "Souvenir de Halevy".....	Seligmann.
Tema con Variazioni, from posthumous Q't in D minor.....	Schubert.
Song, "Stay with me".....	Reichardt.
Drinking Chorus. Ballad and Chorus.....	Meyerbeer.

It will be seen that the programme is somewhat meagre, including but four good compositions, and even this list was curtailed by Mr. Fries, who very coolly informed the audience that the Beethoven Andante would not be given, it having been put upon the programme "by mistake."

But the masterly playing of this Quintet is well known, and it hardly need be said that, despite the above mentioned occurrence, the concert proved a very enjoyable one.

We cannot praise too highly the manner in which Schubert's "Tema" was played, the only apparent imperfection being a certain mistiness in detailing some of the finer passages; nor do we speak coldly and critically of this darkly beautiful "song of death" whose wonderful strains seem to reiterate, again and again:

—The saddest story that art can tell,
Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom
Watching the Lovers float through Hell."

Why is not Schubert better known as a composer of instrumental music?—and why are he and Schumann always under-rated?

Mr. Heindl's rendering of Briccialdi's fine concerto was thoroughly artistic, and deserved the tumultuous encore which it received.

With regard to Mr. Schultz's violin solo, we would observe that whoever prostitutes his talents by the performance of such chaotic trash as "The bird on the tree," certainly does so at the risk of his reputation as an artist; and furthermore we would, in all kindness, suggest that when a player is encored, there exists—in some minds—an absurd prejudice against his responding with a selection the length of which very much exceeds that of the encored morceau.

In Bridgeport, on the 27th ult., Mr. C. F. Daniels began a series of Pianoforte Recitations, or "Matinées," with the following programme, which will commend itself to all observers:

Impromptu. Op. 1.....	C. F. Daniels.
Romance. Op. 3.....	"
Elegie.....	Ernst.
Nocturne. "Les Zephyrs".....	Chopin.
Prelude. "L'Orage".....	"
"Hours of Elf-Land".....	Stephen Heller.
Two Songs without Words.....	Mendelssohn.
"La Navola".....	"
"Duetto".....	"
Lebewohl.....	C. F. D.
Sonata Duo. Piano and Flute.....	Kuhlau.
The Rivulet.....	Stephen Heller.
Etude.....	"
Cradle Song.....	C. F. D.

Mr. Daniels was assisted on this occasion by Mr. Dabney Carr, a flautist of rare ability.

Of the next matinée—which will be given on the 5th inst.—this is the programme:

"In the Woods,".....	Stephen Heller.
"The Rivulet,".....	"
"Horns of Elf-land," (by request).....	"
"Break, break,".....	C. F. Daniels.
"My love is like a red, red rose" (First time in America).....	Miss Brainerd.
Five Woodland Pieces.....	Schumann.
"Will be come," (First time in America).....	Sullivan.
"Nut tree".....	Schumann.
Andante con variazioni.....	Mendelssohn.
"Now the shades of night are falling".....	R. Franz.
Slumber Song.....	Miss Brainerd.
Value.....	C. F. Daniels.
Dedicated to Mr. Charles Halle, of London.....	"
Romance—by request.....	"

MERCURIUS.

P. S.—The Andante of Beethoven's was finally played by the Quintette Club. It was tucked on at the end of the programme, and, as I left the Hall immediately at the close of Schubert's Quartet, I was unaware of it when I wrote.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Théâtre Italien appears to attract all the interest connected with music in the capital at the present time. And the attraction is almost entirely due to Mlle. Adelina Patti, if we are to credit the Parisian journals, who are unanimous in declaring the fair artist to be a greater favorite than ever, and to have proved herself entirely worthy of the increased favoritism. In addition to Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, Mlle. Patti has appeared as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, and Rosina in the *Barbieri*. In the latter opera the young prima donna had for her coadjutors, Signor Gardoni as Count Almaviva, Signor Cresci as Figaro, Signor Scalse as Doctor Bartolo, and Signor Bagagiolo as Don Basilio. The Figaro was tame and dull, and the new Basilio, notwithstanding his fine voice, had not depth or profundity enough for the music. On this account the great air, "La Calunnia," was the weakest thing in the performance. Mlle. Patti sang exquisitely, and made the old *fiore*. She introduced in the Lesson-scene the Laughing-Song from Auber's *Manon Lescaut*, and, being encored, gave the romance of Mme. de Rothchild, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire." Mlle. Patti has also played Violetta in the *Traviata*. Rossini's *Semiramide*, it is said, is in rehearsal for her, and *L'Elisir d'Amore* is announced in the bills; so that in reality the popular diva has no idle time of it. Moreover, the opera buffo of Prince Poniatowski, *Don Desiderio*, will be reprised for her, with Signors Gardoni, Scalse, and Mercuriali, and Mlle. Rosello in the other principal parts. M. Bagier had intended to produce *Tancredi*, with Mlle. Grossi as the hero, Miss Laura Harris as Amenaïda, Signor Gardoni as Alfiero, and Signor Scalse as Orbazzano. Rossini, however, it is said, showed so strong a repugnance to the revival of his early opera—especially with such a novice as Mlle. Grossi in *Tancredi*—that the intention is dropt, and the manager will have to look for a suppliance elsewhere.—*Il Trovatore* will be produced for the debut of Signor Mongini in his popular part of Manrico, and Mlle. Patti will sustain the part of Leonora for the first time. Mlle. Derasse, three times first prize at the last competitions of the Conservatoire, made her debut recently on the stage of the Opera-Comique as Isabella in *Le Pré Aux Clercs*. She somewhat disappointed her friends, but she was terribly nervous, and by no means did herself justice. Her appearance, however, pleased universally, and her voice is described as of fine quality and well trained.—Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, *on dit*, is about to leave the stage. This intelligence requires confirmation. The popular Parisian cantatrice appeared, for the last time before her month's congé, at the Theatre Lyrique as Juliette, in M. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*. She goes to repose herself after the fatigues of the season, and will no doubt return for the winter session. There is no reason whatsoever why Mme. Miolan-Carvalho should quit the scene of her triumphs. Mlle. Christine Nilsson will belong to the Grand Opera by the time she returns.

M. Bagier intends bringing out *Cenerentola* and *La Donna del Lago*, both for his favorite contralto, whom, however, he cannot elevate to the front rank of artists by any amount of frequent presentation or significant emplacement in the performances. *La Donna del Lago*, with Adelina Patti as Elena, would be interesting on that account, and Signor Mongini would shine undoubtedly in Roderick Dhu. Moreover, the opera is one of the most delightful of Rossini's.—M. Hector Berlioz has been invited by the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, at this moment sojourning at Paris, to pass six months this winter at St. Petersburg, to undertake the direction of the concerts of the Conservatoire. The eminent critic and composer has accepted the invitation, and will leave Paris for the great northern city in December.

The once celebrated cantatrice, Mlle. Meric-Lalande, has just died at Chantilly. She was born in 1798, and sang principally in the great opera houses of Italy, although she sang a season in Paris with Malibran, Pasta, Sontag and Lablache.

London.

On Saturday the Winter Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed under the direction of Mr. Manns. These concerts have long been justly apportioned a high place among competitors for public favor; and the care and eclecticism manifested in their arrangement redound greatly to the honor of Mr. Manns and the directors whom he serves. If in the formation of his programme Mr. Manns shows a strong partiality for Schumann, and if in his desire to introduce Schubert to the public, by whom this musician is little known, he selects some of the

works least likely to enhance the German composer's reputation, the weakness is but little blameable in one who has so powerful a regard for his compatriots and whose efforts to familiarize them to a British public are always conscientious if occasionally unsuccessful. True to his musical creed, he opened the winter season with a movement from the beautiful ballet music which Schubert wrote for "Rosamunde." In this a lovely andante in G major, in which the air is given to the wood instruments on a pedal bass, is specially fine; and this, together with the succeeding ballet air in the same key, received excellent interpretation at the hands of the exponents. But those who seek a meaning in music, and demand that a work, rounded and complete in itself, should express a certain conception perfect to its logical conclusion—should present a picture finished even to the frame and glazing—must be sorely puzzled by these *excerpts* from a large work. Here is the *entr'acte* music, but where is the key to it—where is the drama itself, which is the only key? If Schubert's music is to be considered illustrative and dramatic, we must know the subject of the illustration, the plot of the drama; otherwise we cannot say whether the composer has succeeded in his purpose or not. Mere fragments, without indication of their sequence and purport, are to be taken only for what they are—broken pieces. Besides this ballet music we had the Scotch Symphony, played exceedingly well, and the overture to "Der Freischütz" equally satisfactorily performed. The vocal part of the programme was given to Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Cummings. The second lady did remarkable justice to the contralto song from Benedict's "St. Cecilia," "Father whose blessing," and was even better in a charming song from Mr. Sullivan's "Sapphire Necklace," an unpublished opera. This last was encored. Miss Edith Wynne also sang one of Sullivan's compositions, and Mozart's "Voi che sapete." The Palace has benefited during the vacations by improvements made in the orchestra and auditorium, and the band has been augmented. This Saturday we shall have Beethoven's B flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" overture, and an intermezzo from Gounod's "Colombe."—*Orchestra*, Sept. 23.

Professor Sterndale Bennett's new cantata, "The Woman of Samaria," was finished with extraordinary haste, a portion of it being left incomplete until the last moment. Before sending it to press the composer has wisely resolved to revise a large portion of the work, and to rewrite some numbers.

VIENNA.—At the Carl Theater, Dittersdorf's opera, *Doctor und Apotheker*, first produced in 1787, has been revived with incontestable success. The music, though somewhat old-fashioned, and redolent of the periwig period, is exceedingly fresh and pleasing, more especially the charming duet, "Verliebte brauchen keine Zeugen," the dashing air, "Parazelus," and the spirited concerted *finale*; but there can be no doubt that the admirable manner in which the opera was put upon the stage, sung, and acted, contributed a great deal to the triumph it achieved.

ITALY.—The following are the titles of the new operas which will, probably, be produced in Italy during the approaching autumn and winter. At Milan—*Giovanni di Napoli*, Petrella; *Putiphar*, Cagnoni; *L'Isola dei Giardini* (buffa) Dell'Argine; *La Tombata* (buffa), Cagnoni; *Un Coup d'Etat* (buffa), Lauro Rossi. Naples—*Gli Aventuretti*, Braga; *Il Figliuol prodigo*, Serrao; *Didone Abandonata*, Benvenuti; *L'Esposizione universale* (buffa), Filippi; *Mefistofele* (grand fairy opera), Boita. Whether any of these works will ever be performed in any other place than that in which they will be produced may, judging from what Italian operatic composers have written of late years, fairly be doubted.

BERLIN.—The management promises us, during the ensuing season, Gluck's *Armida*, *Alceste*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris*, with a new *mise-en-scène* for each. In the way of absolute novelties we are to hear *Des Sängers Fluch*, by A. Langert, and *Mignon*, by Ambrose Thomas, with Mlle. Lucca in the principal female part. Nothing is as yet concluded, I believe, as to the production of M. Gounod's last work, *Romeo et Juliette*. In connection with the Royal Opera-house I may mention that Herr Wachtel, on his return from a long leave of absence, has received, in consideration of his services at the Court Concerts last winter, a very handsome present from the King.

The Victoria Theatre is to open early next month for an Italian operatic season. The manager, Signor Pollini, has already arrived. The principal artists engaged are Signora Sarolta; Signora Rosa Pollini,

from the Academy of Music, New York; Signora Moransi; Signora Gaspari; Signor Armandi, from Naples; Signor Bizzani; Signor Adriano Pantaleone, from Palermo; and Signor Carniti, from Milan. Signor Marchisio, also, will be a member of the company. The season will open with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*. This will be followed by *Crispino e la Comare*, by Ricci; *Lenore*, by Mercadante, and an opera by Petrella, all three, novelties for a Berlin audience.

The members of the Neuer Berliner Sängerbund, an association including Erk's Gesangverein; the Melodia; the Cäcilia; and the Acadamische Liedertafel, recently gave their second summer-festival in the gardens of the Schützenhaus. Besides a variety of songs, the programme included Mozart's *Dorfmusikanten*, and a comic scene by E. S. Engelburg.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 12, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

IV.

9. The following number, an Alto Solo, in E major, 4-4 measure, again, is in strong contrast. Two flutes, the *Continuo* and the organ falling in occasionally accompany the melody to the words: "*Esurientes implevit bonis et divites dimisit inanes*" (He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent away empty). The Aria has that expression of mildness and repose, which stirs our soul so beautifully, without wearying by monotony. The flutes move mostly in sixths and thirds, holding fast to an extremely peculiar rhythm, and only now and then are offset against each other in ingenious play. The words: "*im-plevit bonis*," and then again: "*dimisit inanes*" are expressed in a masterly manner; the hungry ones ("*esurientes*") have as it were a cornucopia of blessings poured upon them, while the rich ("*divites*") come out empty with a barren figure. The course of the whole aria completes itself so naturally and quietly, the direct intervention of the Highest in the fate of mortals has so many heart-winning traits, that one is almost forced to complain that the beautiful number should glide past so swiftly.

10. The charm of the last piece is one that seizes upon you immediately. Bach follows it up with a conception, full of deep significance, which transports you into remote times, into another world, a movement which may well be regarded as forming the very central point and kernel of the whole. The primeval melody of the *Magnificat*, which the Church used also for the *Benedictio*,—its origin dates back into the 7th century—appears now in the oboes as *canto fermo*, with three female voices (two sopranos and an alto) mysteriously playing about it, to the words: "*Suscepit Israel puerum suum, recordatus misericordiae*" (He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy). In gentle strokes the violoncello marks the fundamental harmonies, rather hinting than actual executing them. The *canto fermo* floats mildly gleaming, like a star, over the voice parts, lifting them as by a soft attraction to itself. The vocal setting, on its part, heaves and fluctuates towards it in lovely imitations, the several voices taking up the thread and passing it on to one another in artful involution. All seems to draw life and motion from the primeval sounds. For the two lines of the Choral the master uses two portions of accompanying matter: that is, to the first line

the voices sing the "*suscepit Israel puerum suum*," and to the second line the "*recordatus misericordiae*." Both divisions of the text, again, find their peculiar musical treatment. The motive to "*suscepit Israel puerum suum*" is employed directly and in the inverted form, a mode of representation which answers characteristically enough to the helping hand of the Lord; the "*recordatus misericordiae*," on the contrary, develops itself without the use of such artistic means, and so all the more effectually glorifies the eternal mercy and compassion.

Although the voice parts in their circling movements sometimes cut across each other, yet these momentary hardnesses are always mitigated by the independent individual movement of each part, and rather serve to lend to the whole piece a certain extraordinary and mystical stamp. And this may have been precisely Bach's intention. The union of just those words, which describe the redeeming mercy of the Lord towards his servant Israel, with the venerable tones of the old *Magnificat* or (in the sense of the Church) the still more significant *Benedictio*, is surely not an accidental one and points to such a conception. If now we direct attention to the contrast of this number to the Chorus: "*Omnes generationes*," if we point out how in the two Christianity is first presented in its world-disturbing and then in its world-redeeming aspect, we thereby gain a new point of view, which shows Bach's immeasurable greatness in the clearest light.

The form and substance of the piece just analyzed have reminded us repeatedly of those imperishable words of Luther, which have such convincing efficacy because they proceeded from the deepest insight. He says:

"Where the natural Musica is sharpened and polished by Art, there we first see and recognize with wonder the great and perfect wisdom of God in this wondrous work of his called Music, in which this above all is strange and wonderful: that one voice sings the mere tune, along with which three, four or five other parts are sung, which as it were with jubilation playing and springing around the said mere melody, in all sorts of ways and sound, do marvellously embellish and adorn the same, and lead off as it were a heavenly dance, meeting each other friendly and fondly hugging and embracing."

Powerfully confirming what precedes, there now sets in a Chorus, in D major, *alla breve*, to the words: "*Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini ejus in secula*" (As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever). Suitably to its contents, this text is used for a vocal fugue, energetically supported by the *Basso Continuo* and the Organ. That Bach is the unrivalled master in the fugue form, is universally agreed. And so here too he solves his problem with a playful ease and perfect skill. To the marrowy main theme: "*sicut locutus est ad patres nostros*" are one by one added various secondary motives, the first with the words: "*Abraham et semini ejus*," the second with: "*sicut locutus est*," and the third with: "*in secula*," which all unite together at the last entrance but one of the theme in the bass. The significant harmony of word and tone needs scarcely to be mentioned.

Bach's fugues are commonly written in a Counterpoint of as many kinds as there are voice parts employed. By an apt inversion of these the master with the simplest means often reaches the

greatest effects. In general he works out his main theme in three, four or five parts, and gives to each single part a character as independent and as individual as possible: this material, almost exclusively, is discussed throughout the further course of the movement. Accordingly one might believe that here, after all, the mechanical prevailed rather than the organic. Up to a certain point this may be admitted; but then we must not overlook the way in which Bach knows how to invent his themes; he breathes into them such an elastic energy, that in all positions and relations they appear always fresh and new.

Towards the end our fugue moulds itself somewhat freely, and thus admirably prepares the character of the concluding number.

Leopold de Meyer.

A REMINISCENCE.

Twenty-two years! Much is changed in that time. Especially in the Art enthusiasms of a young people only beginning to become artistic. In music it is curious (in one sense sad, but in a better sense encouraging) to compare the present lukewarm interest in brilliant virtuosi, with the excitement which our first visitors of that sort used to create before the tribe became so very common. Ole Bull, for instance, and Leopold de Meyer—what a romantic Boanerges each was in his way, before we knew too much for miracles! The latter has suddenly re-appeared in New York, has been playing in several concerts, and the newspaper critics find him as rare a player and of as strong a magnetism as ever. Perhaps! But it is that whole kind of thing that fades out with such sure fatality. Who cares now for the showy Fantasias, the "*Marches Marocaines*," &c., however wonderful in execution, when he can listen, even here in little Boston, to the finest and the rarest that there is in the classics of piano-forte genius, with half-a-dozen capital pianists for interpreters?

There certainly was something remarkable in the playing of De Meyer; and we are tempted to look back 22 years and recall part of our record of a memorable evening. It was long before Thalberg or Jaell, or Hatton, or any of the famous ones had come; and it was when the modern virtuoso compositions, the Thalberg Fantasias, &c., were comparatively new to us and bound to have their run.

The wonderful pianist had no sooner established himself in commodious and elegant quarters in Boston, than the musical *connoisseurs* were bidden to his rooms to have a preliminary taste of his quality. Some forty gentlemen were assembled, musical professors, critics, dilettanti, editors, in short the nucleus whose opinion is fame with our little musical world. With what feelings we went, may be judged from the views we have lately expressed respecting the whole modern tendency of music. The deepest in music we knew to be not of the order which makes triumphal processions through the world. Its true Holy Land lies quietly remote from these thronged public routes, its miracles are far less dazzling, its celebrities providentially reserved. Bach and Beethoven never had the success of these cosmopolitans! They were too deeply engaged. We went prepared to be astonished and delighted, to hear something which might compare with Liszt and Thalberg in point of execution, though not perhaps in deeper qualities. We were not disappointed.

The genial, hearty manners of the man established at once a most free and familiar relation between him and his guests. Hospitality and comfort did away with all stiffness, and created that happy harmony of circumstances in which every mind flings itself into its own easiest musical attitude, so that there is no *gêne* and nothing lost; for every man must cease to be a critic, and forget that he has any character to stand upon, and listen like a careless, all-accepting child,

or music will turn away her glowing face from him. Thus sure of us, he seated himself at his grand Erard piano in the middle of his company. A picture of that group would form no unworthy addition to the engravings of similar scenes in the gilt-edged biography, with which his London admirers have furnished him as an introduction to our shores. To be sure, there were no crowned heads in the circle, except some for whom, we trust, there are crowns laid up in heaven; but there were many marked individualities, harmonized by the common sentiment of the occasion; there were experienced musicians, and younger aspirants for the honors of virtuosodom, trembling between hope of learning and fear of discouragement from what they were about to hear; there were retired, eccentric enthusiasts, and professional advertisers of prodigies; and there were older heads of small credulity about things loudly trumpeted, pledged like ourselves to the older faith in music, who seated themselves with as firm a determination of resistance as the softly cushioned sofas would allow; we could smile at them inwardly; for, in spite of our essays above alluded to, we had contrived, by a little reflection, as well as by a certain catholicity of nature, to rid ourselves of all that, and were in a mood to enjoy him and follow him as far as he would let us.

He is a short, stout, jovial, healthy looking man, of light, flying hair, and full, blue German eyes. He congratulates himself on his advantage in being the only one of the great pianists who is fat; this enables him to bear the immense amount of physical exertion and nervous excitement, which is the greatest wonder about his playing. Indeed his *physique* is extraordinary; he is himself a Grand Piano, and can stand any amount of violent vibration without any symptom of exhaustion. He has nerves equal to all the will and passion there are in him; he can safely dare to do all that he can do, the want of which condition seems to be all that prevents many from doing great things. What more would smothered genius ask for than to have his nerves!

He began. A soft trill in the highest octave, accompanied with the most delicate pianissimo runs, continuous, clear, cool, liquid, and distinct, as so many little mingled rills of water; nature herself could not satisfy the sense more perfectly; we were children with delight. By degrees he passed into some quaint, lively Russian airs, one of which acquired a movement not unlike the *Galop Chromatique* of Liszt: wonderful variations succeeded, with a constant accession of new force, till he smote the keys with superhuman energy, bringing out such a breadth of harmony, that not inaptly has it been said that he "tears up great masses of chords by the roots and flings them about with a furious joy." The workings of his countenance grew intense, every muscle seemed to protrude, and the brow almost to lift itself off the head; his whole body played, he would straighten back and look round in triumph upon his audience; he would rise from his seat as if upon a race-horse; and finally, with the whole instrument vibrating like twenty, he sprang up into the arms, as it were, of the audience, laughing and shouting, with as much delight as any of them, at the admirable thing which had been accomplished. Criticism was put to flight; the resisting gentlemen were taken off their feet, and there seemed a general impulse to fling their arms about each others' necks, as in Schiller's Hymn to Joy. Joy, indeed, was the sentiment of it; besides that, it had little other; it was the preface gratification of the senses, and seemed to do one a physical good. No one stopped to consider that it was not the deepest sphere of musical expression; to regret any other sentiment would have been sheer pedantry. Enough that men, cold, stiff, conventional men, were surprised into joyous intimacy by the naturalness of the thing. He is the only musician who ever made us think of Handel, not for religious grandeur, of course, but for infallible health and power.

The next piece was a "Fantasie on the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*," in style his own as before, only with still greater contrasts, if possible, of passages of unimaginable delicacy with others of tremendous weight, and with yet more uncontrollable raptures on the part of the hearers. His face after one of these exertions looks electric, as if you could not approach him without getting a shock. Then he sported with our Yankee "National Airs," which had the freshness of new musical curiosities to him, and furnished theme enough for some very magical capricci. The Overture to *William Tell* opened under his hands into a grand descriptive orchestral performance. Then came his famous "*Marche Marocaine*," one of his most original compositions, and a work, though simple and plain in its construction, yet of a breadth and fire entirely irresistible.

But the master piece of the evening began with a Fugue, in which he twisted together a subject from Bach with one from Handel, (so some of the excited

old boys told us) and then wrought the whole out in the extreme of the modern style; it was an odd marriage of opposite extremes; exceedingly complicated, yet every theme and every note admirably distinct and individual; and altogether a feat which we could scarce credit on the testimony of our eyes and ears. This was truly great [1867] music, and converted the experienced and cautious judges.

We describe the experience of that evening simply as it was. We attempt no criticism; we venture no conjectures as to how De Meyer may compare with Liszt or Thalberg; we care not to settle his rank as a composer or performer. Whatever his sphere may be, he exerts the power of genius in that sphere, and therefore must be in harmony with true genius in all spheres. A certain air of vanity about him we can readily forgive; he accepts the fashions of the times, and frankly shows it. But that his music is a genuine thing, and that his skill quite distances all that we have heard, is undeniable.

— That was in November, 1845; but now?—Will it be: "Look here upon this picture, and on this?"

Concerts.

We have had a few scattering concerts, but as yet no real opening of the musical season in a large artistic sense. Any stray opportunity, however, is seized upon by the newspapers to drag out that pet big gun of their vocabulary, the word "inaugurate." So often has this word been applied of late to things whose beginning is their end, things which do not go on, and therefore have no "season," also to things very trivial, that "inaugurate" has become degraded into the flash dialect; as now commonly used, it is a mere vulgarism for the honest word *begin*.

The Music Hall concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, on the 30th ult., was properly the prologue and show card to their "starring" tour Westward. It drew out a great crowd, which could be reported, and a host of flattering notices and *bon voyages*, which could be quoted in the multiplying mirror of Advertisement and flashed all over the said West: for has not the Club taken unto itself a cunning operator in that art, one of those nondescript products of a commercial civilization, called a "musical agent"?—Well, if they will only play their best music out there, perhaps the West, the Club itself, and Art may be the gainers; we sincerely hope so.

The concert was in many respects a good one, though of course not so enjoyable to a really musical audience as one of their quiet, choice little classical evenings at Chickering's. There was, however, much more of the classical than of the other kind in the programme, which was as follows:

Nonetto. First movement in F, op. 31. Louis Spohr.
For Violin, 'Cello, Bass, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon and Horn.

Vocal Quartet from "Fidelio" Beethoven.
Mrs. Smith, Miss Ryan, Mr. Jas. Whitney and M. W. Whitney.

Concerto for Flute Bricealdi.
Edward M. Heindl.
Song, "The Tear" Stigelli.
Miss Ryan.

Grand Septet in D minor, op. 74. Hummel.
For Piano, Viola, 'Cello, Bass, Oboe, Horn and Bassoon.
Piano part played by Mr. Carlyle Petersilea.

Scene.—Prayer and Barcarolle from the "North Star." Meyerbeer.

Fantaisie for Violoncello. "Souvenir de Halevy." Seligmann.
Mrs. Smith.

Vocal Quartets Mendelssohn.
Mrs. Smith, Miss Ryan and Messrs. Whitney.
Adagio and Finale, from the Nonetto, by Spohr.

The large instrumental pieces filled the Hall better than we could have expected, and yet they suffered somewhat. The impression of the Nonetto was injured, too, by separating the movements so widely; and in the first movement it was some time before the instruments got warmed together into sympathetic tune. Otherwise, it went remarkably well, and the composition proved to us one of the most interesting that we have heard by Spohr; the themes marrowy and concise for him, and worked up closely, with great economy of means, and at the same time clearly; it seemed in a healthier tone, with less of dogday lassitude than we are apt to feel

with that composer.—The Hummel Septet is an un-failing favorite here ever since young Perabo played it in the Symphony Concerts two years ago. Mr. PETERSILEA played it clearly, firmly, brilliantly, but the accompaniment was not altogether felicitous.

We were sorry that WULF FRIES had chosen so weak and stale a theme for his 'cello solo; such fine art and feeling as his seemed wasted on such a show-piece, skilful as the execution was. Mr. HEINDL is a new member of the Club, and little as we regret that the day for flute solos has gone by, we did enjoy his admirably perfect execution; all thought of difficulty and short-comings, waste of breath, &c., was for once forgotten; it was all clear, solid tone; the low tones as beautiful as the high; connection and phrasing perfect; light and shade, and a pervading good taste made the profusion of swift execution unobtrusive; nor do we remember to have heard a flute sing a simple melody more purely. Mrs. SMITH and Miss RYAN sang their solos remarkably well; the former has acquired great ease and purity of florid vocalization. But what we found most enjoyable in the concert, what *told* best there, was the Vocal Quartets. The wonderful one from *Fidelio* was truly well sung, and the mysterious, complex accompaniment well supplied by quartet of strings, reeds, horn, &c. And the two Mendelssohn four-part songs, even the familiar "Nightingale," were fresh and inspiring.

Here is a programme of Catholic music, originally performed at the laying of the corner stone for a Cathedral here, but repeated last Sunday evening in the Music Hall, by the combined Catholic Choirs of Boston and vicinity, assisted by the Germania Band.

Introductory—Organ. Mr. J. H. Wilcox.
Prelude, No. 1.—"Harmoniemusik"
Hymn—"Coelestis Urbs," Jerusalem
Salve Regina, Tenor Solo J. H. Wilcox.
Mr. J. H. Farley.
a. Hosanna, from Mass: O Regem Caeli, Band. Palestrina.
b. Antiphon, "Signum Salutis Pone"
c. Prayer, Althorn Solo by Ch. Eichler. Beethoven.
d. Antiphon, "Mene Surgens, Jacob" Bach.
Ave Maria, Cornet Solo by Mr. Henry Brown.
e. Antiphon, "O Quam Metuendus" Spohr.
Offertoire for Organ Battiste.
Prelude, No. 2. "Harmoniemusik"
a. Antiphon, "Bene Fundata" Gordiniani.
b. Hymn, "O Sanctissima" F. Schneider.
Am Charfreitag, Band.
Hymn, "Veni Creator" Bach.
Ruhe Sanft, (Sweet Rest) Hammer.
Quartet for Instruments.
Te Deum, German Hymn
Irish National Air

MR. J. FALKENSTEIN conducted the whole, and many of the pieces were understood to be of his own composition. Without striking ideas, these were yet interesting, musicianlike in their quite contrapuntal structure, and well instrumented. We speak particularly of those two Preludes of *Harmonie-musik*, as the Germans call music for bands of wind instruments. Some of the hymns and other choruses, mostly short, were also quite effective; others commonplace and formal, belonging we suppose to the routine of Church service. We are disposed to put an interrogation mark after the name *Bach* in one or two places there; but have not time to investigate the matter. The Palestrina piece, by the band, was solemn and edifying. The chorus singing, by near 200 voices, was some of the best that we have heard for many a day. We are sorry we have not room to say all the good we might of the solos.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS of the Harvard Musical Association. The sale of season tickets will begin at the Music Hall on Monday morning, at 9 o'clock.

Mr. Peck, of the Music Hall, announces to his friends a Concert for Sunday evening, Oct. 20, when Mrs. JENNY KEMPTON will give us a first taste of her rich and now highly cultivated Contralto, since her return from Europe. CARL ROSA, Sig. FERRANTI, Messrs. LANG, THAYER, and others will assist.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, with CAMILLA URNO, will give a concert in the Music Hall on the 26th inst.

Mr. Harrison's PAREFA-ROSA troupe, strengthened by LEOPOLD DE MEYER, are to open here on the 4th of November.

The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing "Samson."

LOBE'S *Catechism of Music*. Translated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. New York: Schubert & Co.)

Lobe, as a writer on musical composition and aesthetics, is widely known and admired, but he deserves especial commendation for the clear and complete manner in which he has performed the difficult task of arranging the subject matter of this "Catechism." We do not know of any work, which, in an equally small space, explains the elements of music to the student in so comprehensive and satisfactory a manner as this. Of the merits of the translation we need not speak; Madame Ritter's name is a sufficient guaranty that her task has been performed with correctness, good taste, and musical understanding. We regret that the little work has not been more correctly printed; even on the title-page we find "Broadway" for "Broadway." A more carefully revised edition should be issued by the publisher. t.

LOWELL, MASS.—The *Citizen* has the following item:

VOCAL MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The committee on music presented a communication expressing their gratification at the success attending the introduction of music in the public schools, and also introduced an order, which was adopted, providing that they be empowered to purchase pianos for use in each of the Grammar schools.

NEW YORK. *Ernani*, *Lucia*, *Othello*, and the *Huguenots*, are the operas for the week. Maretzek's first novelty for the season will be *Don Bucefalo*, by Cagnoni, and is to be produced soon.

The first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society will be given at the New York Academy on October 25th. The Society has just elected its officers for the year: President, Professor and Doctor R. Ogden Doremus; Vice President, U. C. Hill; Conductor, Carl Bergmann.

The Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn announces its first rehearsal for Wednesday, October 23d. The first concert will take place on November 6th. The pieces to be performed are Beethoven's fifth symphony, op. 67, in C minor; Berlioz's overture "Benvenuto Cellini;" theme and variations "Austrian National Hymn" (for string orchestra), Haydn; and Mendelssohn's "Trumpet Overture." Mr. Theodore Thomas is engaged as conductor for the season.

The St. Louis Philharmonic Society is re-organized for the winter season, under a new leader, Mr. Egmont Frechlich. The first concert was announced for Thursday.

The French Opera has taken a firm hold on the affections of the New Yorkers, and is doing a much better business than Maretzek's Italian Company. Offenbach's opera, "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*," excites frenzies of delight at each performance, by the lively nature of the music, the excellent singing, and the inimitable humor of the acting.

La Grange and Brignoli appeared at the Academy of Music in Pittsburg, on Wednesday and Thursday, in the operas of "*The Barber of Seville*" and "*Don Pasquale*." The remaining members of the troupe are Sasini, Maria and Sarti.

A complimentary benefit was tendered, on Tuesday evening, to Miss Caroline Richings, at the National Theatre, Washington, where she has been meeting with the most flattering encouragement. Benedict's Opera, "*The Lily of Killarney*," was produced on Wednesday by the company, for the first time in this country.

BEETHOVEN. The following brief recognition of our old friend and fellow worker's good works, found in the *Church Choirmaster and Organist* (London), will gratify our readers.

Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwig van Beethovens. Von ALEXANDER W. THAYER. Berlin. Ferdinand Schneider.

Ludwig van Beethovens Leben. Von ALEXANDER WHEELLOCK THAYER. Nach dem Original Manuscript Deutsch bearbeitet. Erster Band. Berlin: 1866, Ferdinand Schneider.

Mr. Thayer's interesting and valuable chronological catalogue of the works of Beethoven, so frequently of late laid under contribution by the authors of the analytical programme of the "Monday Popular" and Crystal Palace Concerts, has at length been followed by the issue of the first instalment of his long-promised *Life of Beethoven*. As has seldom hap-

pened in the case of a new work, this has appeared in the form of a German translation of the original English manuscript. The impossibility of personally superintending the publication of his work in English, and in his own country, suggested this unusual course to the author, to whom the alternative must have been the relinquishment of the post he holds as American Consul at Trieste. Disappointing as this course must be to many Englishmen, the work, when it appears in English, will doubtless be all the more perfect for the fact of its having been preceded by the German edition, the publication of which, Mr. Thayer expresses a hope, will, by inviting criticism, not only enable him to substantiate the truth of doubtful points, but provide him with additional particulars. From the enthusiastic and conscientious manner in which, as is well known to those who are most interested in the matter, the accomplished American amateur has for the last sixteen or seventeen years devoted himself to collecting materials for a biography of the great German composer, it is easy to believe that in his book he asserts nothing as a fact, the truth of which he is not able to verify. Owing to the incompleteness and the unreliable character of all the existing biographies of Beethoven, just such a work as Mr. Thayer's promises to be when completed was most needed. Its early completion, and its appearance in English, are therefore much to be wished for. Only a small portion of Beethoven's remarkable career is disposed of in this first volume: as far as it goes, this is vividly depicted, with the utmost minuteness, in a plain, straightforward, and most interesting manner.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MUSICAL TASTE.—In nothing is the inherent difference between the French and the English character more striking than in their musical tastes. The music of all nations which have produced music worth preserving is acclimatized with us, and we certainly exhibit no special preference for the works of our native composers. At the same time, the national taste inclines very decidedly to the music of Germany rather than to that of Italy. The fashionable world loves Italian music, but the heart of the nation is with the Germans, from Handel to Mendelssohn and Schubert, and in every concert at which the tastes of the more intelligent classes of English society are consulted the predominance of German music is almost universal. In France everything is different. The programme of the music performed in the Paris Exhibition building on the 4th of July was such as would be simply impossible in England. With the exception of a chorus from *Judas Maccabeus*, every one of the twelve pieces to be performed is either the composition of a Frenchman, or of a German or Italian who wrote for the Parisian stage, or who has made Paris his permanent home. Gluck and Meyerbeer represent the former, and Rossini the latter class; while the rest of the pieces are the work of the native French writers—Berlioz, Auber, Gounod, David, Adolph Adam and Méhul. Of the specimens of Gluck's operas, the overture to *Iphigenie en Aulide* is well chosen to represent the orchestral forms of his day; but the short selection from *Armida* is by no means the best that could be named for performance by a monster band and chorus, being light and airy, and full of quaint, old-fashioned grace. But the performance of such a thundering piece as the chorus of soldiers in *Faust*, with two roaring orchestras, between these two specimens of antique music, and of the rattling drum-beating overture to *Fra Diavolo*, immediately after the selection from *Armida*, can have only one result; that is, to make the music of one of the greatest of dramatic composers sound poor, thin, and formal. Modern music of all sorts is noisy enough, and often intolerable with its blare of brazen instruments and beating of drums and cymbals, and French composers are worse in this respect than those of any nation. But to play these ear-splitting crashes in contrast with the purity and simplicity of Gluck's orchestration is as serious a mistake as was ever made at an evening concert at an English provincial festival; and more than that can scarcely be said.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Since the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen has played only sacred music, and that chiefly on the harmonium. The eminent musician who taught her this instrument is now engaged in arranging for it, for Her Majesty's use, all the modern oratorios by Costa, Schachner, &c. The arrangements are ultimately to be published.—*Athenaeum*.

The London *Orchestra* says: "The Americans are to have a great musical festival next year in Boston. Several of our oratorio singers—among them Mme. Sherrington—have been applied to by the projectors, and it is anticipated that the old country will be worthily represented among the principal artists taking part in the solemnity."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Vocal Beauties of "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*."
- Say to him. (Dites lui). Aria. 35
- Could I as a soldier go. (J'aime les militaires). Song. 60
- Behold the sabre of my father. (Couplets du Sabre). 30
- Ah! 'tis a famous regiment. (Ah! c'est un fameux regiment). 40
- Come ye pretty maids. (Waltz song). 30
- I wear upon my heart. (J'e t'ai sur mon coeur). 35
- Good night. Song and Chorus. 35
- Advance, in maiden beauty. (Nous amenons la jeune femme). Chorus. 30
- The Prince to marry is inclined. (Pour épouser une princesse). Song. 35
- And is it true? (Faut il que je sois bête.) 30

La Grande Duchesse is the new sensation in the way of opera. It is by Offenbach, and though not pretending to stand among high-class musical dramas, is one of the most pleasing of comic operas, and is securing a great popularity. It is a chain of pretty little melodies from end to end. Of the above, "Dites lui" is strangely beautiful, and the Sabre song peculiar, and a gem of its kind. "Could I as a soldier go" is very easy and flowing, and the Waltz song capital to dance by. "The Prince to marry" finely portrays his dismay at the saucy article in the "*Gazette de Holland*," and "Good night" is a very sweet serenade. "The famous regiment" is a bright, rattling, military air, and the rest are little piquant pieces of melody.

Proud Fontainebleau. (Fontainebleau foresta).

- Song. "Don Carlos." 30
- I still can happy be. (Felice ancor is son). " 35
- And she has loved me not. (Ella giammi m'amo). 60
- Come, love, come. (Vien, ah, vien. Song. "Leonora." 30

- Thou recall'st not. (Non rammenti). Duet. " 35
- In the calmness. (Nella calma) Song: "Romeo and Juliet." 75

Six selections from Verdi, Mercadante and Gounod's newest works.

- I wish I'd a string to my bow. S'g. H. S. Briggs. 30
- Annie dear. Song. M. Keller. 30
- Grumble, grumble, growl. Song. H. S. Davis. 30
- "Songs for the people."

Instrumental.

Galop. "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*."

- Polka Mazurka. " " " " 40
- Tostee Polka. " " " " 40
- Quadrille. " " " " 40

Gems from the new opera. Very bright.

- Romeo and Juliet. Fantasia de Salon. Ketterer. 80
- " " " Waltz. Leonie Tonel. 30

Two brilliant pieces, well worth playing, brilliant both, but in different ways, and of medium difficulty.

- Value de Concert. "Sicily." C. J. Hopkins. 1.00
- Great and effective. Somewhat difficult.

- L'Orage. (Storm at sea). S. Smith. 1.00
- Has a distant resemblance to other storm pieces, but is very original in its arrangement, and not very difficult.

- Hawthorn Waltz. Van Onckelein. 35
- La Brillante. Polka de Concert. H. F. Hofer. 60

Fine pieces, by good composers.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

